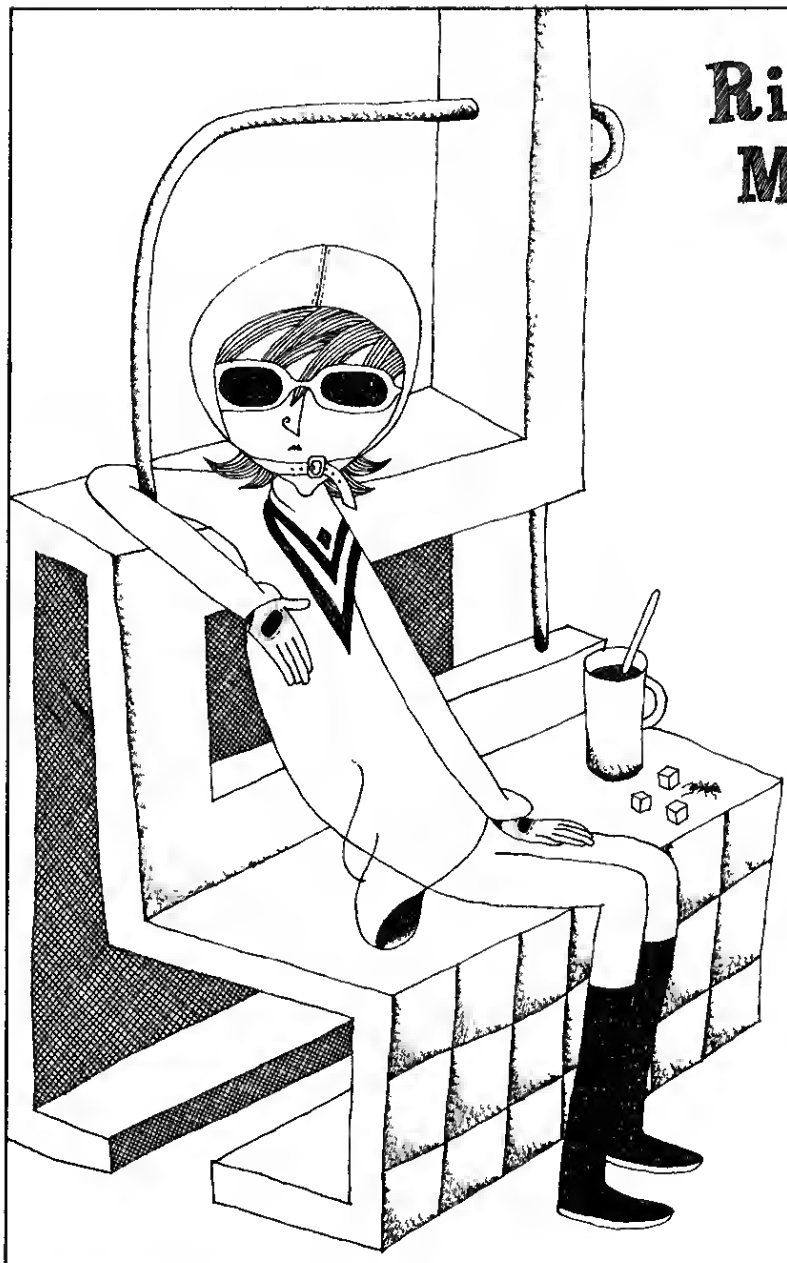
Riding the Monorail
By Nishioka Kyodai
CLEANING & QC
LAIKA & NIGHTSWAN
TRANSLATING:
MEGCHAN
RAWS
ELEMHUNTER
TYPESETTING:
NIGHTSWAN
PEPPERANON.BLOGSPOT.COM/ MANGA.MEGCHAN.COM/BLOG HOTCAKES.CONF

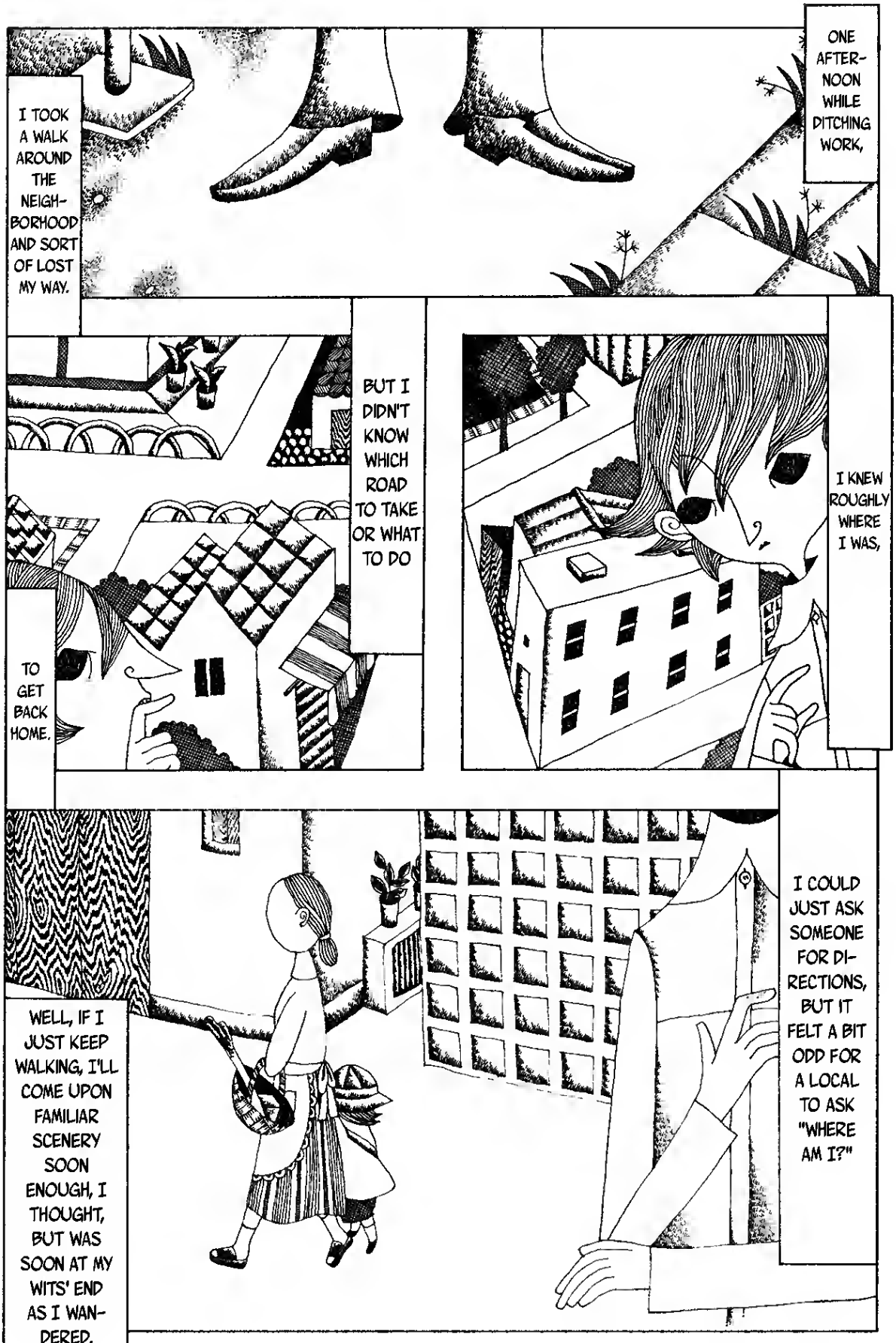


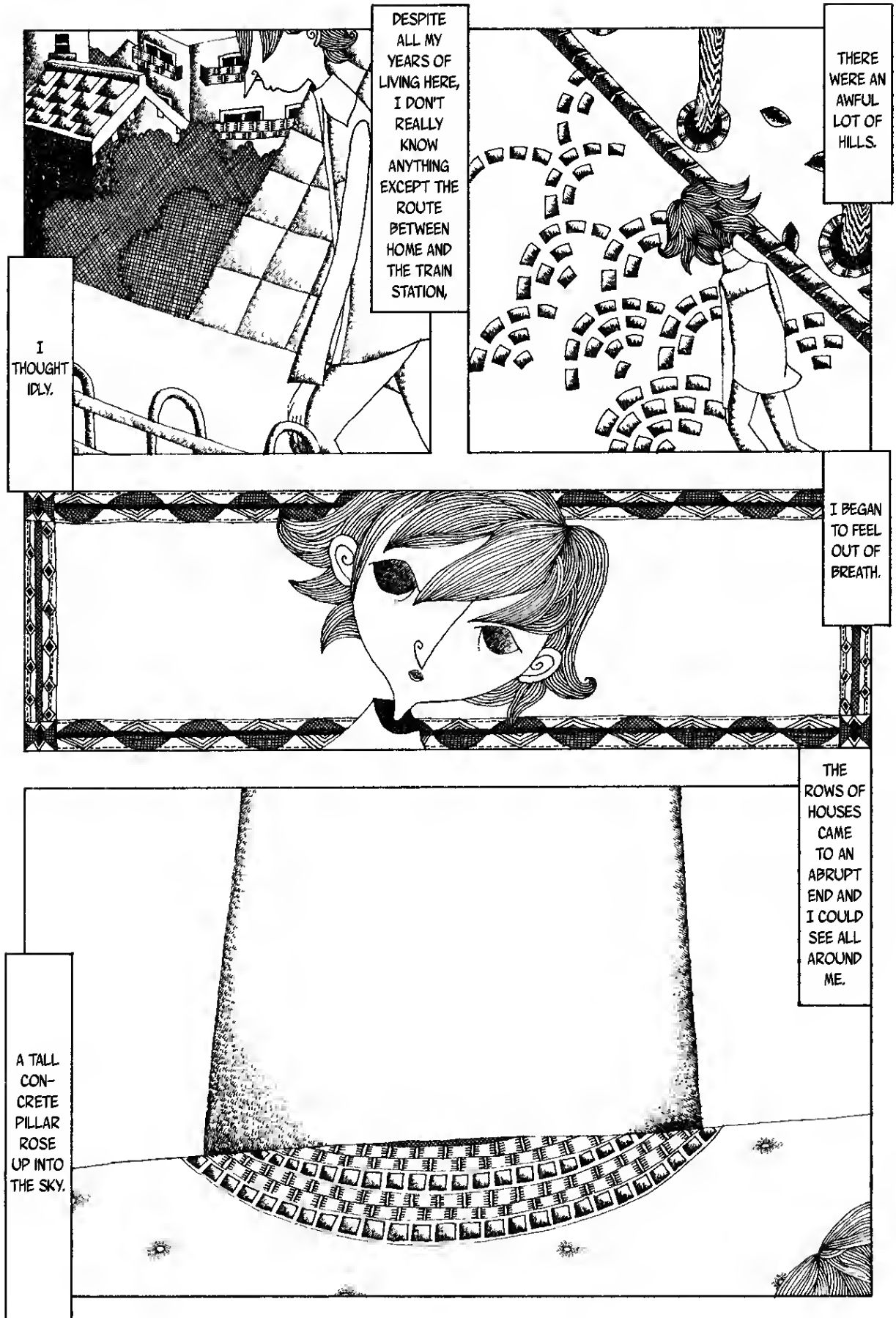
Riding the Monorail

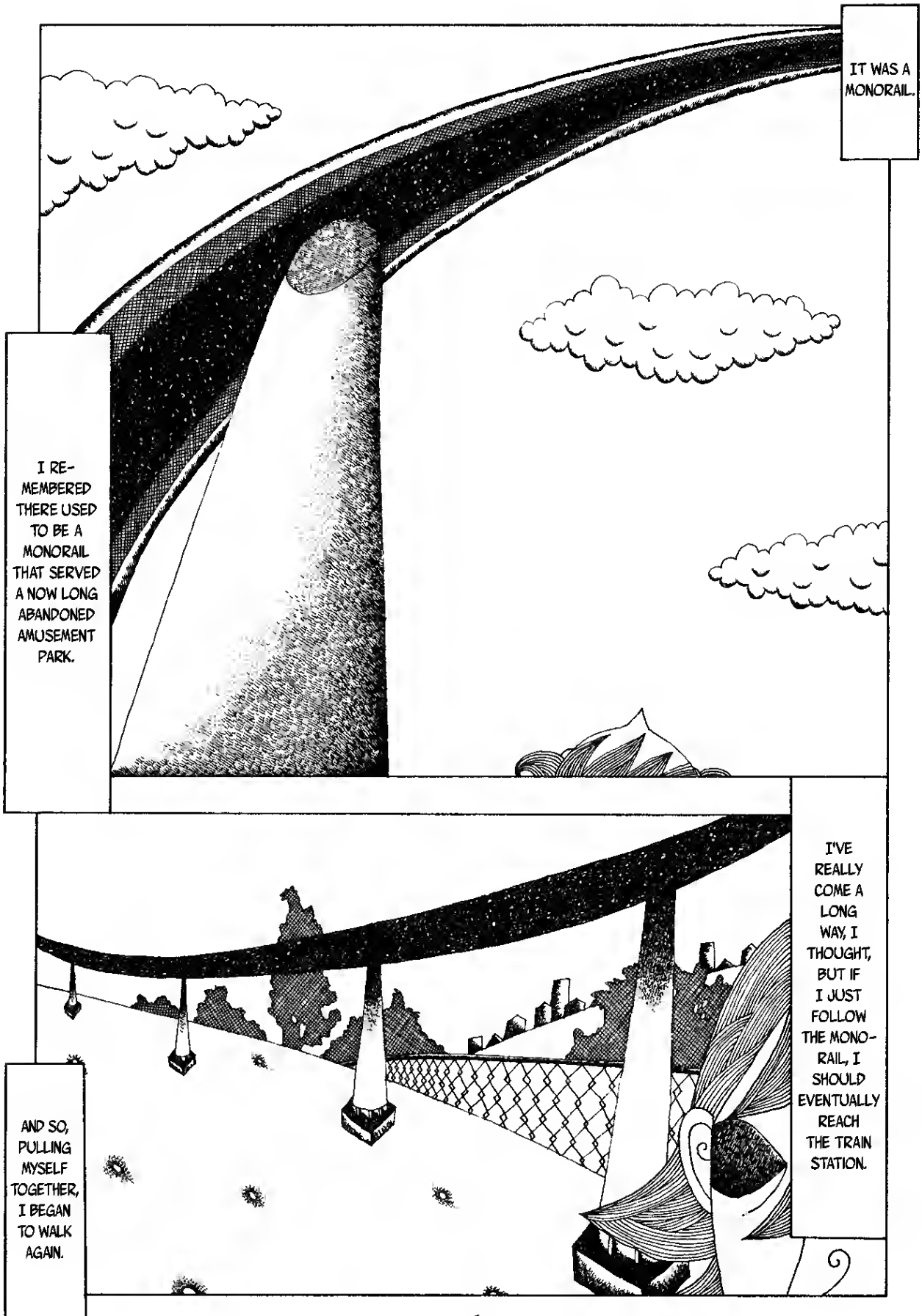
モノレールに乗って

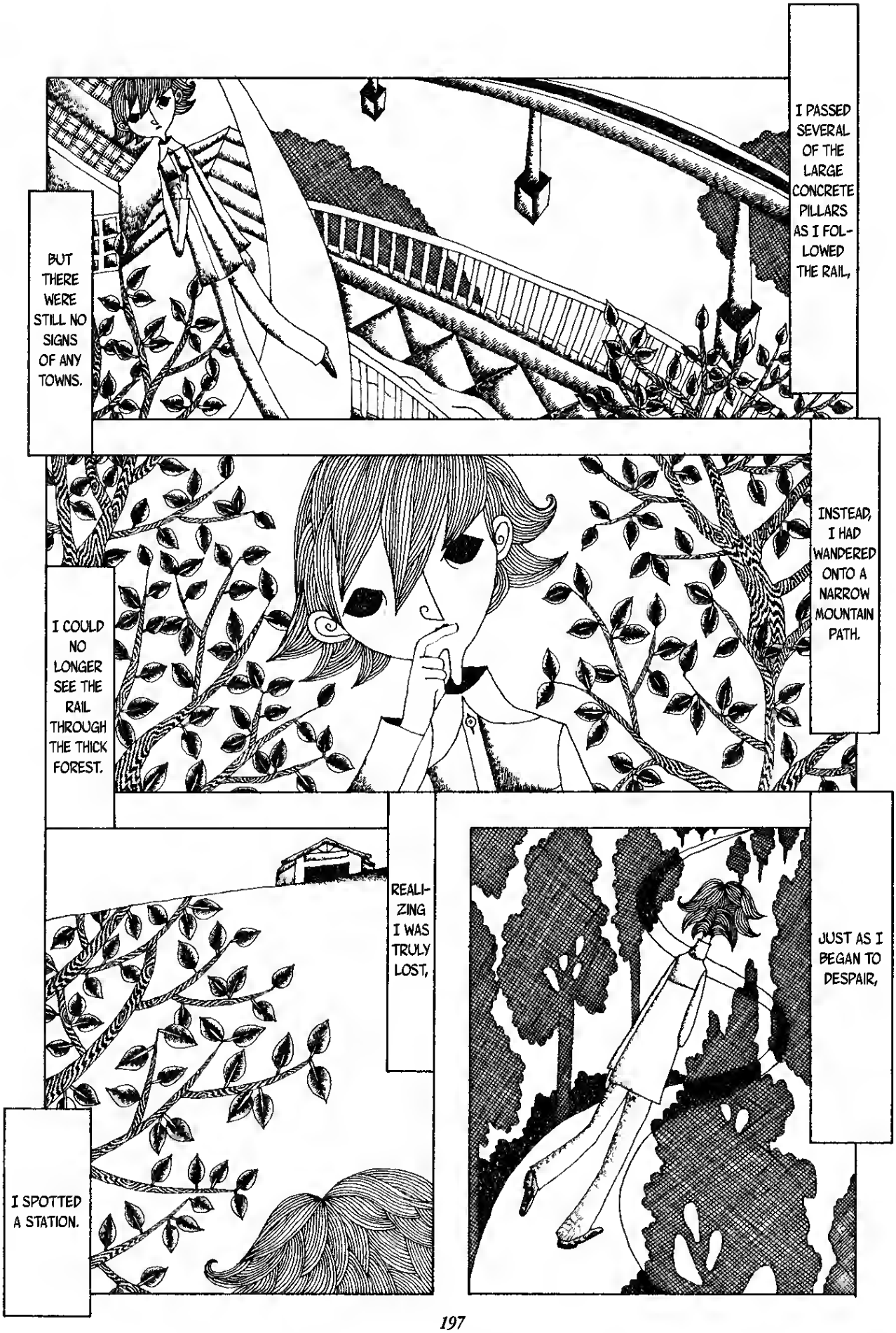
Nishioka Kyodai

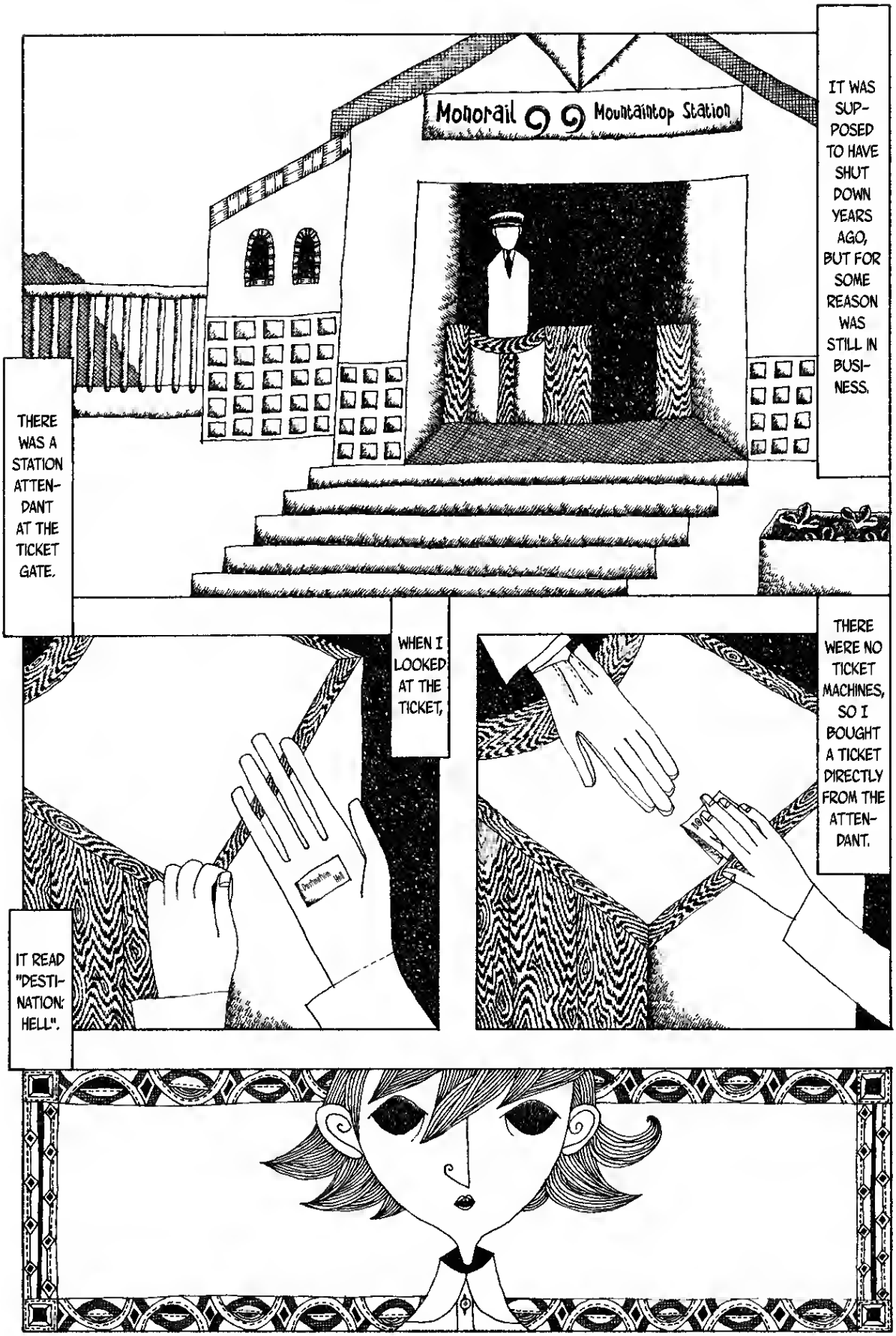
西岡兄妹

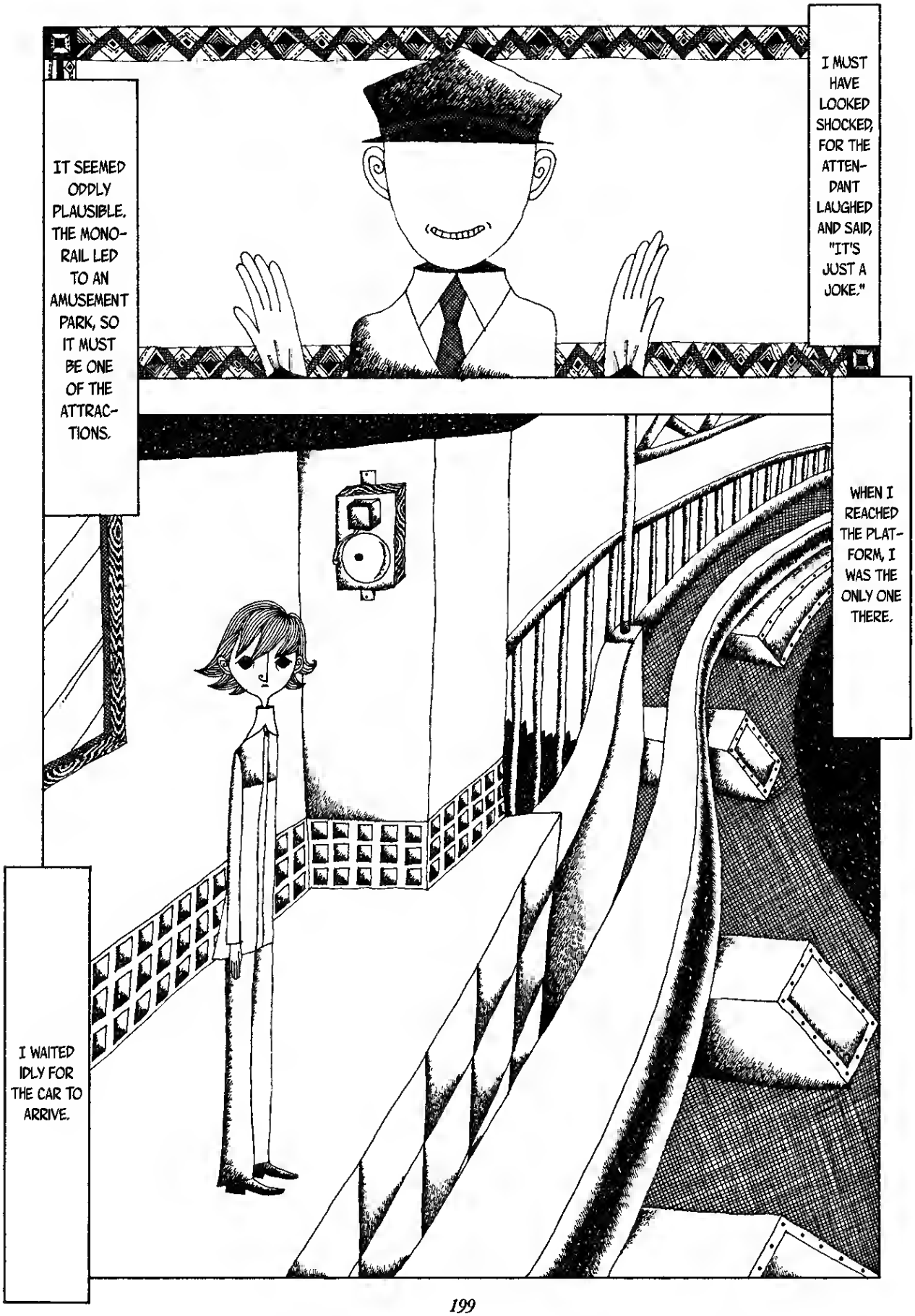

ONE AFTER-NOON WHILE PITCHING WORK,
I TOOK A WALK AROUND THE NEIGH-BORHOOD AND SORT OF LOST MY WAY.
I KNEW ROUGHLY WHERE I WAS,
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHICH ROAD TO TAKE OR WHAT TO DO
TO GET BACK HOME.
I COULD JUST ASK SOMEONE FOR DI-RECTIONS, BUT IT FELT A BIT ODD FOR A LOCAL TO ASK "WHERE AM I?"
WELL, IF I JUST KEEP WALKING, I'LL COME UPON FAMILIAR SCENERY SOON ENOUGH, I THOUGHT, BUT WAS SOON AT MY WITS' END AS I WAN-DERED.

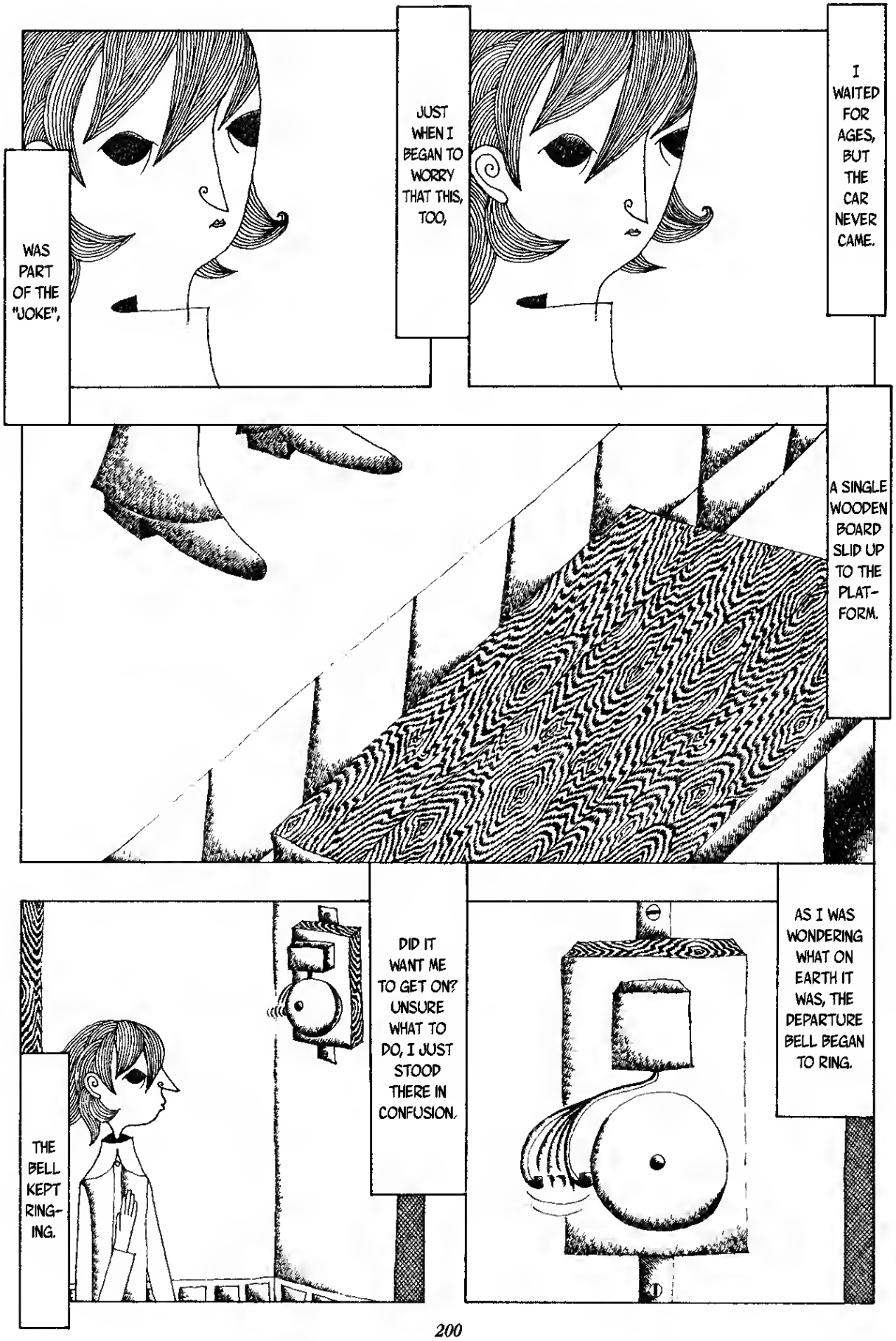

DESPITE ALL MY YEARS OF LIVING HERE, I DON'T REALLY KNOW ANYTHING EXCEPT THE ROUTE BETWEEN HOME AND THE TRAIN STATION,
THERE WERE AN AWFUL LOT OF HILLS.
I THOUGHT IDLY.
I BEGAN TO FEEL OUT OF BREATH.
THE ROWS OF HOUSES CAME TO AN ABRUPT END AND I COULD SEE ALL AROUND ME.
A TALL CON-CRETE PILLAR ROSE UP INTO THE SKY.

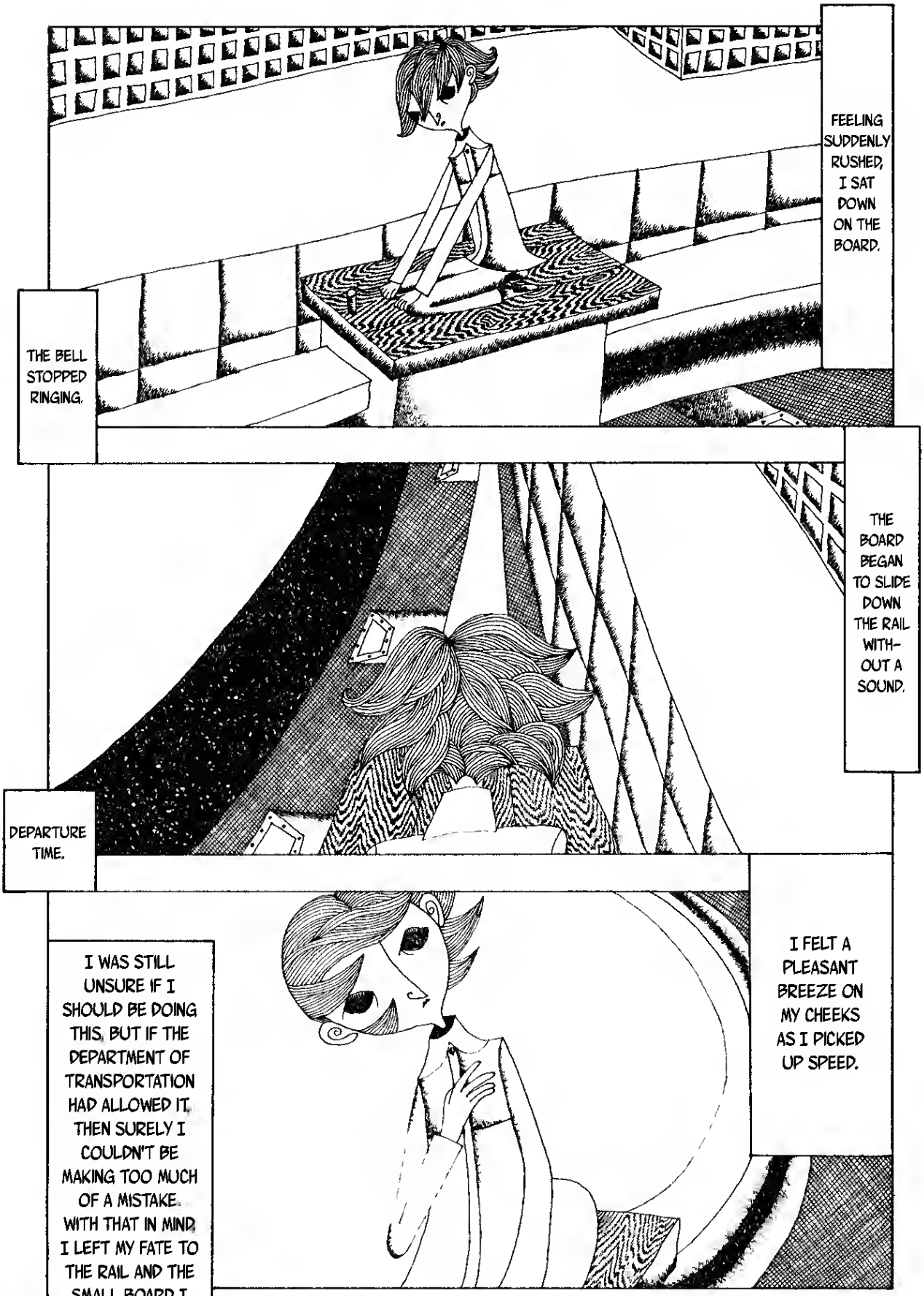

IT WAS A MONORAIL.
I RE-MEMBERED THERE USED TO BE A MONORAIL THAT SERVED A NOW LONG ABANDONED AMUSEMENT PARK.
I'VE REALLY COME A LONG WAY, I THOUGHT, BUT IF I JUST FOLLOW THE MONO-RAIL, I SHOULD EVENTUALLY REACH THE TRAIN STATION.
AND SO, PULLING MYSELF TOGETHER, I BEGAN TO WALK AGAIN.

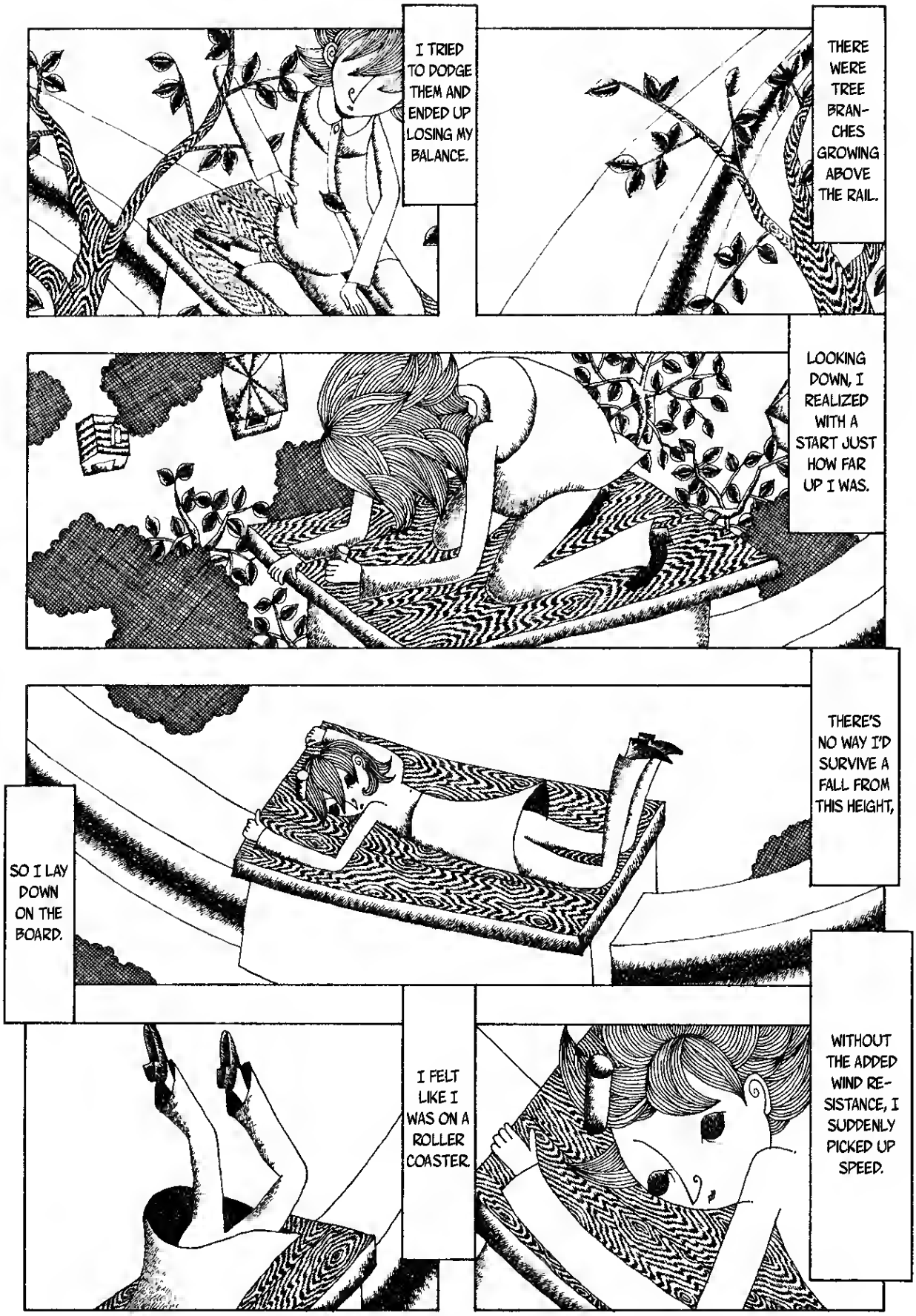

I PASSED SEVERAL OF THE LARGE CONCRETE PILLARS AS I FOLLOWED THE RAIL,
BUT THERE WERE STILL NO SIGNS OF ANY TOWNS.
INSTEAD, I HAD WANDERED ONTO A NARROW MOUNTAIN PATH.
I COULD NO LONGER SEE THE RAIL THROUGH THE THICK FOREST.
JUST AS I BEGAN TO DESPAIR,
REALIZING I WAS TRULY LOST,
I SPOTTED A STATION.

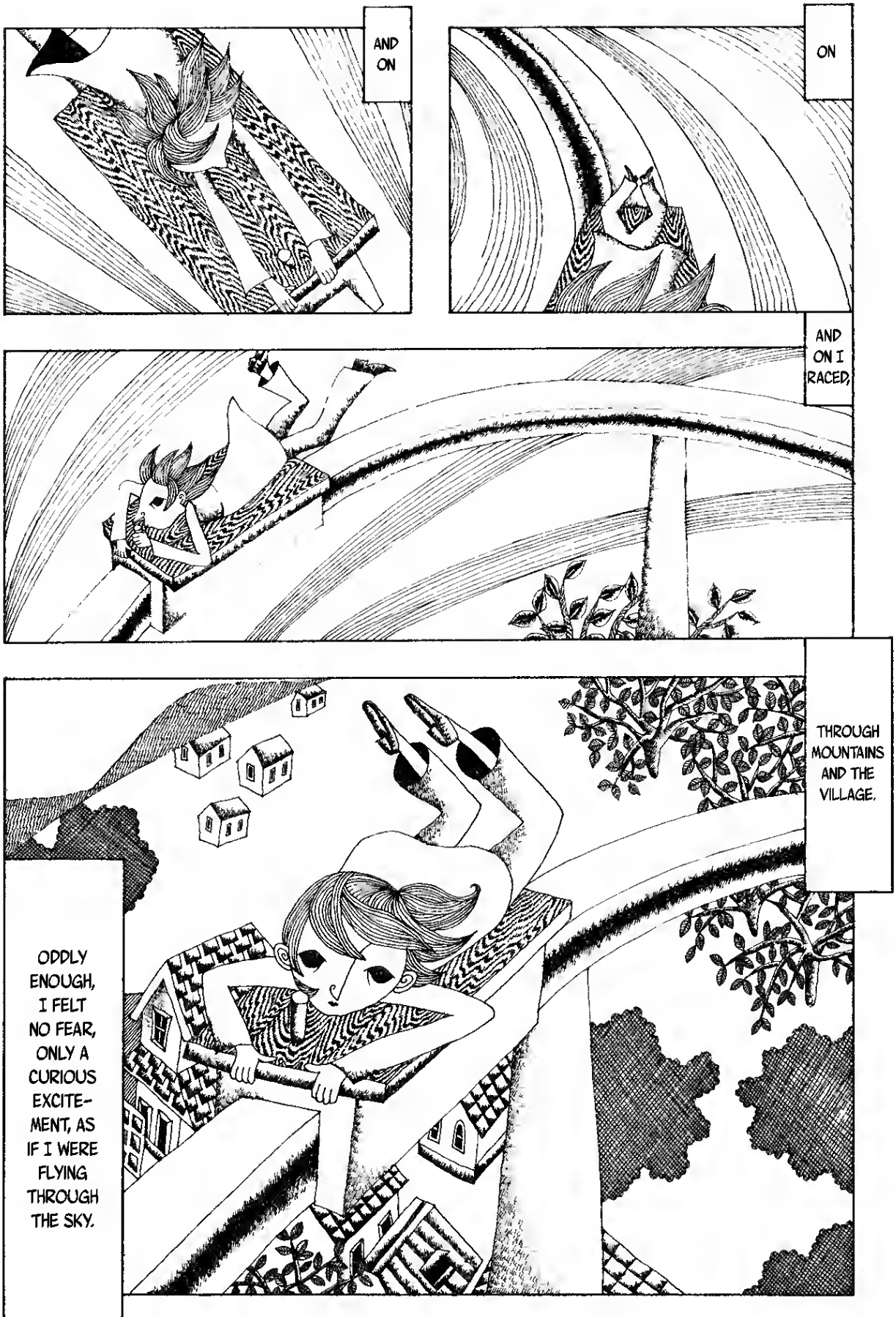

Monorail 99 Mountaintop Station
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SHUT DOWN YEARS AGO, BUT FOR SOME REASON WAS STILL IN BUSINESS.
THERE WAS A STATION ATTENDANT AT THE TICKET GATE.
WHEN I LOOKED AT THE TICKET,
THERE WERE NO TICKET MACHINES, SO I BOUGHT A TICKET DIRECTLY FROM THE ATTENDANT.
IT READ "DESTINATION: HELL".

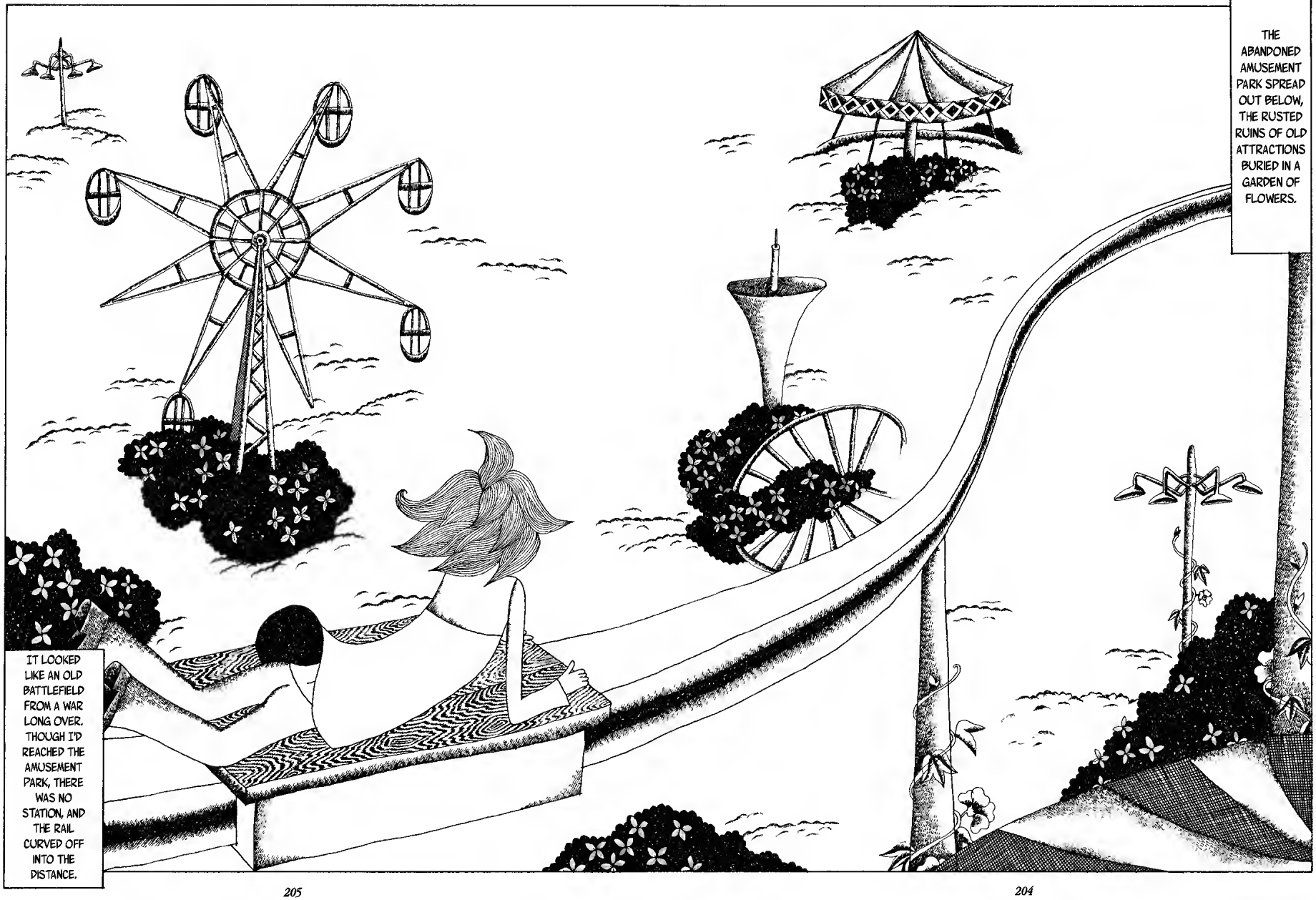

I MUST HAVE LOOKED SHOCKED, FOR THE ATTENDANT LAUGHED AND SAID, "IT'S JUST A JOKE."
IT SEEMED ODDLY PLAUSIBLE. THE MONORAIL LED TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK, SO IT MUST BE ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS.
WHEN I REACHED THE PLATFORM, I WAS THE ONLY ONE THERE.
I WAITED IDLY FOR THE CAR TO ARRIVE.

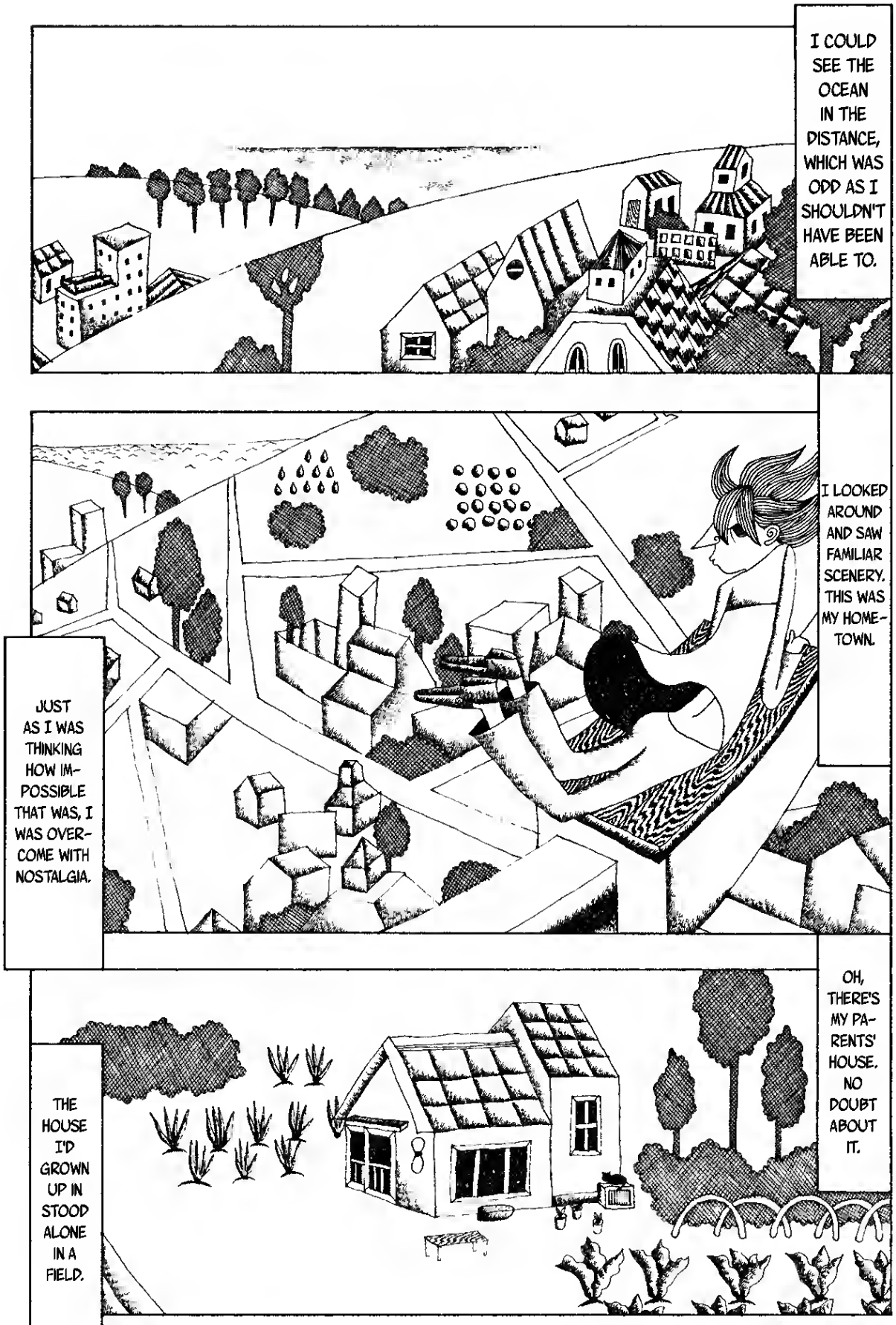

I WAITED FOR AGES, BUT THE CAR NEVER CAME.
JUST WHEN I BEGAN TO WORRY THAT THIS, TOO,
WAS PART OF THE "JOKE",
A SINGLE WOODEN BOARD SLID UP TO THE PLAT-FORM.
AS I WAS WONDERING WHAT ON EARTH IT WAS, THE DEPARTURE BELL BEGAN TO RING.
DID IT WANT ME TO GET ON? UNSURE WHAT TO DO, I JUST STOOD THERE IN CONFUSION.
THE BELL KEPT RING-ING.

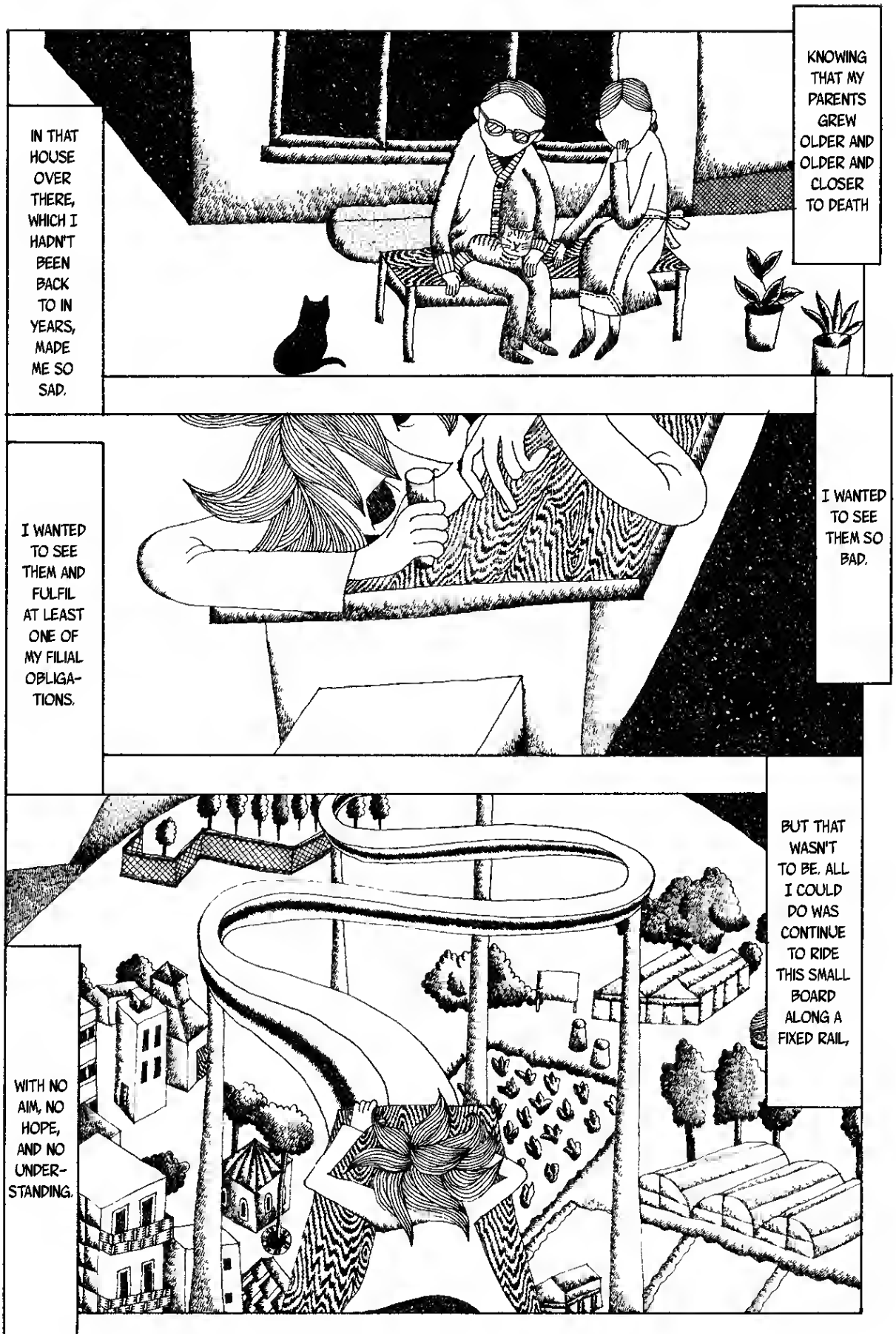

THE BELL STOPPED RINGING.
FEELING SUDDENLY RUSHED, I SAT DOWN ON THE BOARD.
DEPARTURE TIME.
THE BOARD BEGAN TO SLIDE DOWN THE RAIL WITH-OUT A SOUND.
I WAS STILL UNSURE IF I SHOULD BE DOING THIS, BUT IF THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION HAD ALLOWED IT, THEN SURELY I COULDN'T BE MAKING TOO MUCH OF A MISTAKE. WITH THAT IN MIND, I LEFT MY FATE TO THE RAIL AND THE SMALL BOARD I WAS RIDING ON.
I FELT A PLEASANT BREEZE ON MY CHEEKS AS I PICKED UP SPEED.

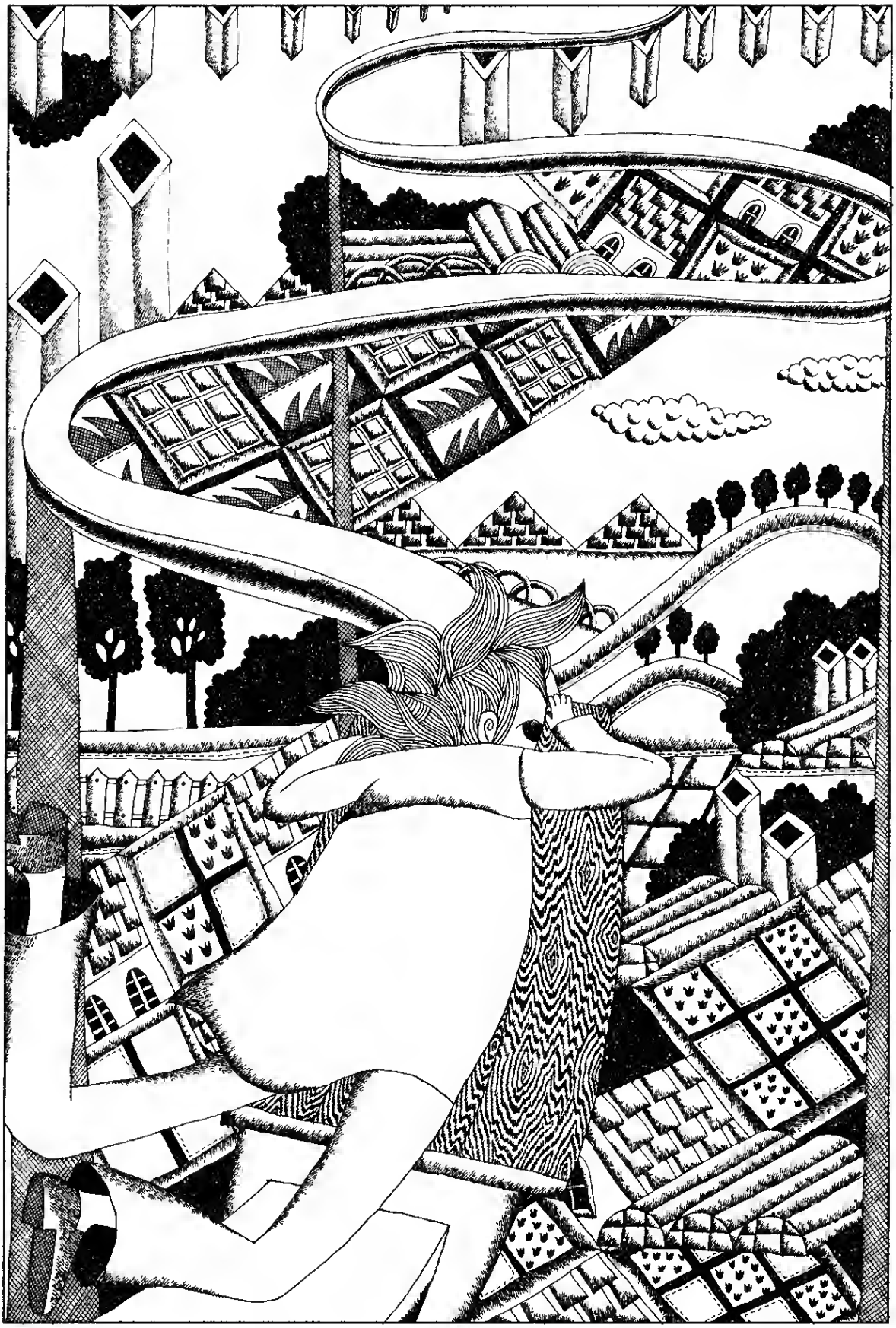

I TRIED TO DODGE THEM AND ENDED UP LOSING MY BALANCE.
THERE WERE TREE BRANCHES GROWING ABOVE THE RAIL.
LOOKING DOWN, I REALIZED WITH A START JUST HOW FAR UP I WAS.
THERE'S NO WAY I'D SURVIVE A FALL FROM THIS HEIGHT,
SO I LAY DOWN ON THE BOARD.
I FELT LIKE I WAS ON A ROLLER COASTER.
WITHOUT THE ADDED WIND RESISTANCE, I SUDDENLY PICKED UP SPEED.

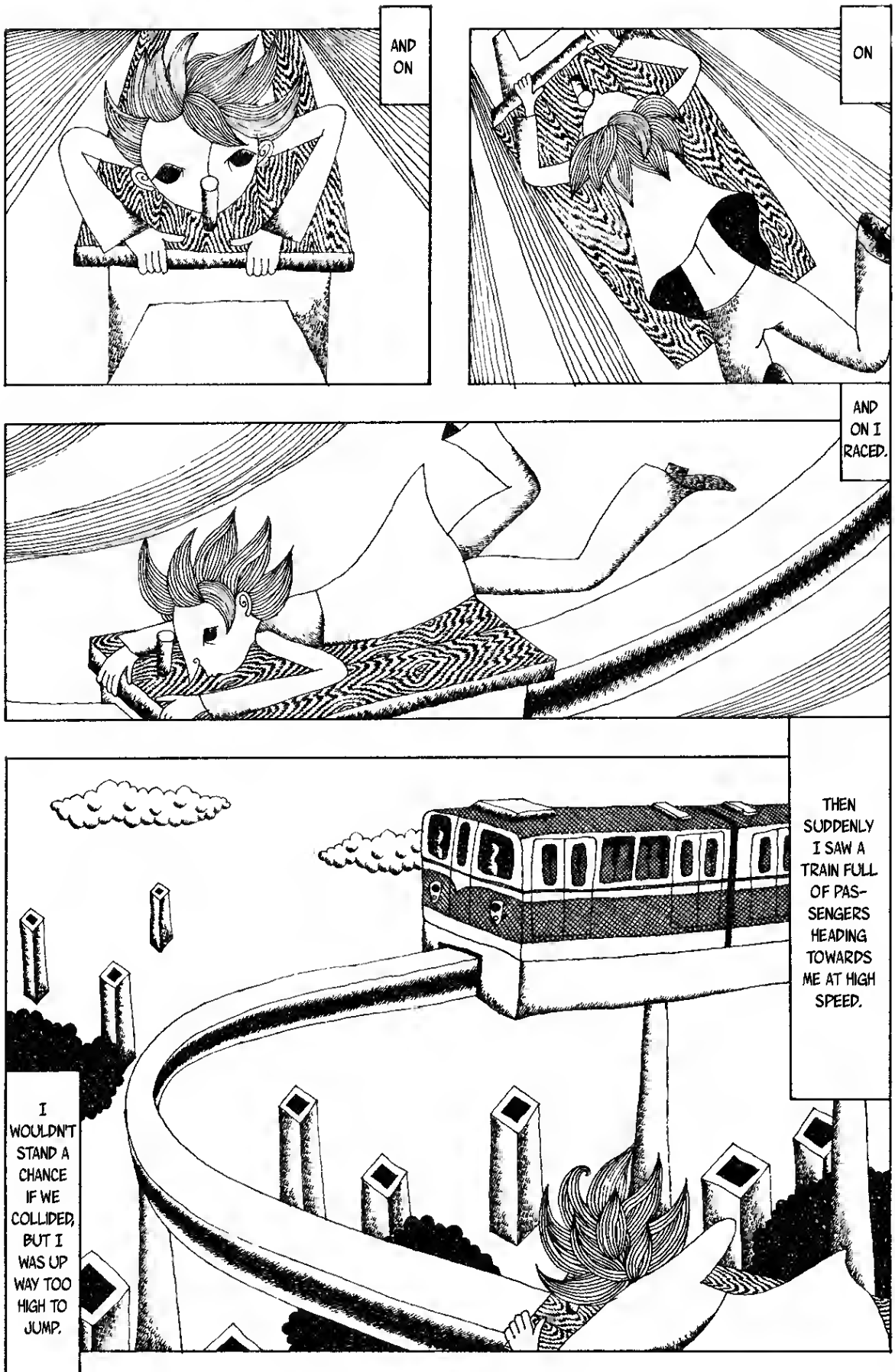

AND ON
ON
AND ON I RACED,
THROUGH MOUNTAINS AND THE VILLAGE.
ODDLY ENOUGH, I FELT NO FEAR, ONLY A CURIOUS EXCITE-MENT, AS IF I WERE FLYING THROUGH THE SKY.

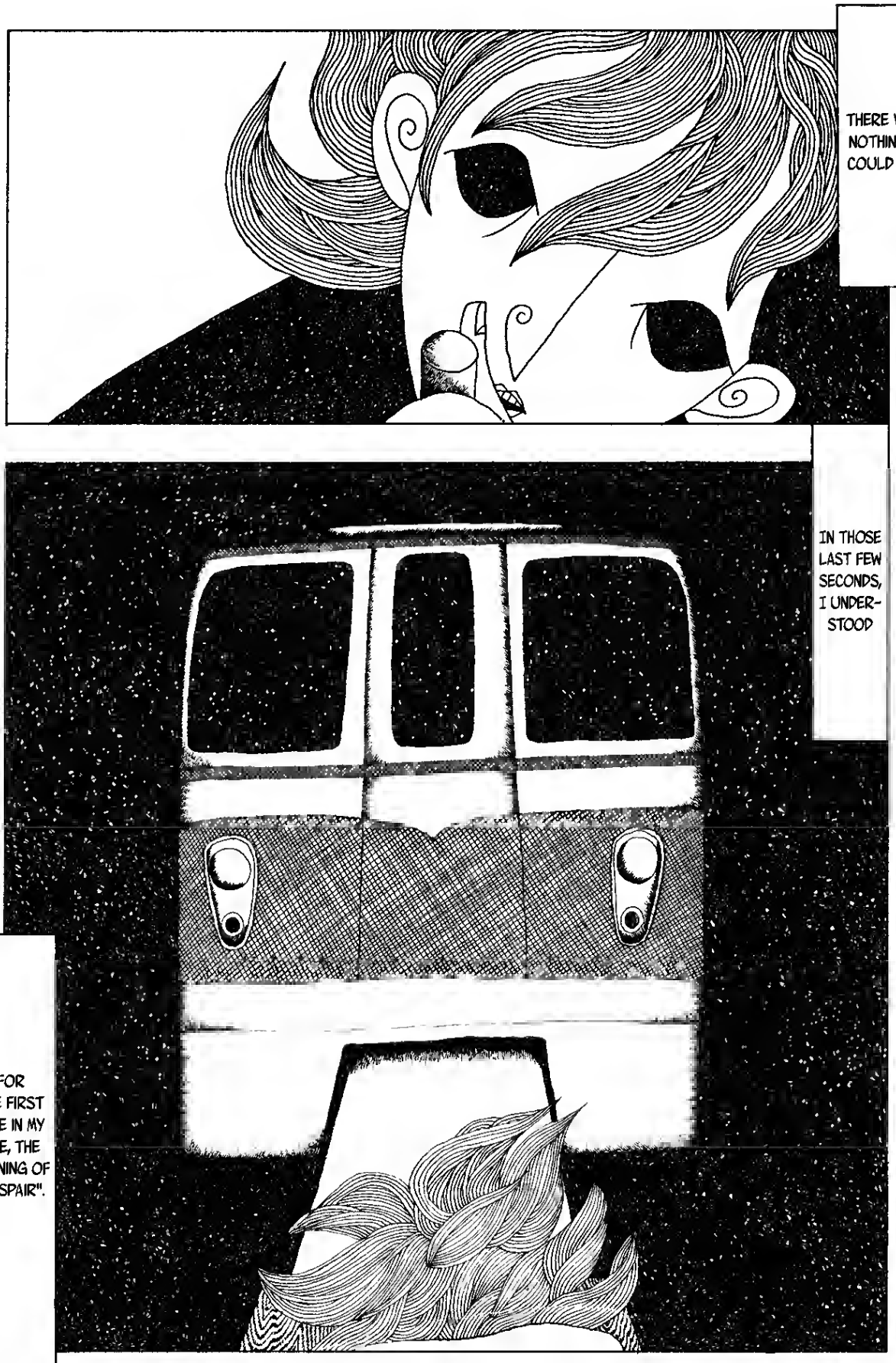

THE ABANDONED AMUSEMENT PARK SPREAD OUT BELOW, THE RUSTED RUINS OF OLD ATTRACTIONS BURIED IN A GARDEN OF FLOWERS.
IT LOOKED LIKE AN OLD BATTLEFIELD FROM A WAR LONG OVER. THOUGH I'D REACHED THE AMUSEMENT PARK, THERE WAS NO STATION, AND THE RAIL CURVED OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.


I COULD SEE THE OCEAN IN THE DISTANCE, WHICH WAS ODD AS I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO.
I LOOKED AROUND AND SAW FAMILIAR SCENERY. THIS WAS MY HOME-TOWN.
JUST AS I WAS THINKING HOW IM-POSSIBLE THAT WAS, I WAS OVER-COME WITH NOSTALGIA.
OH, THERE'S MY PA-RENTS' HOUSE. NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
THE HOUSE I'D GROWN UP IN STOOD ALONE IN A FIELD.


IN THAT HOUSE OVER THERE, WHICH I HADN'T BEEN BACK TO IN YEARS, MADE ME SO SAD.
KNOWING THAT MY PARENTS GREW OLDER AND OLDER AND CLOSER TO DEATH
I WANTED TO SEE THEM AND FULFIL AT LEAST ONE OF MY FILIAL OBLIGA-TIONS.
I WANTED TO SEE THEM SO BAD.
WITH NO AIM, NO HOPE, AND NO UNDER-STANDING.
BUT THAT WASN'T TO BE. ALL I COULD DO WAS CONTINUE TO RIDE THIS SMALL BOARD ALONG A FIXED RAIL,




AND ON
ON
AND ON I RACED.
THEN SUDDENLY I SAW A TRAIN FULL OF PAS-SENGERS HEADING TOWARDS ME AT HIGH SPEED.
I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IF WE COLLIDED, BUT I WAS UP WAY TOO HIGH TO JUMP.


THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.
IN THOSE LAST FEW SECONDS, I UNDERSTOOD
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, THE MEANING OF "DESPAIR".
THE END